

Halo: The Bigger Picture

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Summary: This is a little short story i wrote after reading halo: first strike But this is from johnsons piont of view.

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"Stop son!" Sergeant Johnson barked climbing down the ramp of a Pelican drop ship, his eyes scanning the area; searching for private that had slipped away into the night.

"God damn it," he thought as he climbed back into the Pelican.

"Should we go after him Sarg?" a Corporal Locklear asked.

"No son, no point," Johnson frowned. "I want every one back to their stations and working at one hundred percent. Do you get me Marines?" Johnson yelled.

"We get you Sir." Corporal Locklear and pilot Polaski yelled over the com.

The Pelican shook as it took off and Johnson could feel the stress on the hull.

And tripped over lieutenant Haverson "Sorry Sir" Johnson said trying to get his breath back

"Carry on sergeant" Haverson smiled

"Sir, the main gun is off line we won't be able to engage the covenant, if we get chased we're not going to survive, so you boys better get started on repairing them or- Were cooked" Pilot Polaski announced as she took off from halo as it began to tear itself

apart.

Johnson interrupted "We need more altitude."

"Don't tell me how to fly my girl and I won't tell you how to run your unit," Polaski yelled though her head set.

Johnson smiled and turned to the others in the Pelican. "Listen up ladies, our job is to get Haverson back home in one piece and make it the new covenant vessel the major captured before we left." Before he could finish Polaski's voice interrupted.

"Sirâ€|you'd better come and look at this!" There was shock in her voice.

Johnson moved through the cabin and made it to the cockpit.

"What is it? ... Oh God those poor souls," he murmured as he watched the vessel which had been carrying the surviving crew explode.

"Change of plan" he frowned pulled a cigar out of his pocket stuck it in his mouth chewed it for a second and then lit it.

"Looks like we're on our own."

End  
file.